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THE NEW THING IN HAIR.

Lady Swell. "OH, YES, YOU KNOW! QUITE NEW! THE OLD NETS AND BEAVERS' TAILS GETTING AWFULLY COMMON, YOU KNOW!"

BACHELORS BY CRINOLINE.

MY DEAR MRS. DOVECOTE,

MANY are the objections which brutes of men have raised against the amplitude of dress and the protuberance of petticoat which have lately been in fashion with your charming sex. But there is one point which has been but sparingly alluded to, and yet it clearly is the one which, I think, would have the greatest weight with ladies like yourself. If Crinoline were viewed as an impediment to marriage, surely it would find but little favour in the eyes of ladies who, like you, have daughters to dispose of. And are there not fair grounds for believing that big petticoats have hindered many a young man from taking the bold plunge, which would put an end to his bachelor existence? Many a fellow thinks he can afford to keep a wife, but finds his courage fail him at the thought that he will also have to keep her wardrobe. When starting for Chamounix with his alpenstock and knapsack, he sees his old friend TOMKINS, who last Spring committed matrimony, setting forth for a month's travel with his wife and eighteen boxes, to say nothing of shawls, dressing-cases, parasols and work-baskets, and other articles of luggage which are always being lost. He then thinks, could he afford a tour with such expensive luxuries? and if a wife requires so many dresses when she travels, how vast must be her wardrobe when she is at home! So he lights his pipe by way of consolation for his solitude, and as the graceful wreaths arise, he meditates on marriage as a bliss beyond the reach of such poor devils as himself, and resolves therefore to make his miserable life happy as a bachelor best may.

Now, my dear Mrs. DOVECOTE, is not this a sad, sad picture: and should we not in charity do what we can to help these poor benighted bachelors, and remove the hindrance which prevents their entering the blissful marriage state? Crinoline itself is not a costly article, but large dresses require more silk or stuff than small ones; and the wider are the dresses, the longer are the bills for them. Moreover, there is a belief, it may be an unfounded one, that ladies with large dresses want large houses to match; and so through press of Crinoline, men often pay more rent than they can well afford, and sometimes get thereby presented at the Basinghall Street Court.

A FRIENDLY NOTICE.

THERE are at least some Manchester men who have not been backward in coming forward to relieve the terrible distress in Lancashire caused by the Cotton Famine. "On the 14th of 10th month, 1862," at a meeting held by a body of Manchester Friends, a committee was appointed to draw up an Appeal to Friends in general on behalf of the starving sufferers. The remark obviously suggested by this proceeding is that a Friend in need is a Friend indeed; but an observation more, perhaps, to the purpose, which we may make, is, that the Committee in question is composed of the Friends whose names follow:—

"Treasurer:—JOSHUA MERRICK, Spring Gardens.
"Secretary:—FREDERICK COOPER, 28, Brown Street.

JAMES BRYCE, Oldham Street.
JOSEPH BUCKLEY, St. Ann's Square.
WILSON CRAWFORD, South Side.
GEORGE DAWSON, Cecil Street, Greenheys.
JOSEPH H. FORSTER, Cambridge Street.
JAMES HODGKINSON, Moston Green, Eccles.
JOHN KING, St. Ann's Square.
SHIPLEY NEAVE, High Street.
GEORGE ROBINSON, St. Ann's Square.
JOHN ROKES, York Street, Chetham.
SAMUEL SATTERTHWAITE, Snow Hill.
JOSEPH SIMPSON, Newton Heath.
RICHARD H. SOUTHLAND, Swan Street.
CHARLES THOMPSON, Cambridge Street.
GODFREY WOODHEAD, Victoria Street."

and that each of them, as well as the Treasurer, is open to receive subscriptions.

Backwards in Coming Forwards.

ACCORDING to accounts from New York, M'CLELLAN'S army is in no condition to make an advance. Such, the Federal Government will probably find, is also the case with their capitalists.

LIVELY SCOTCH LAW.

THE Scotch law reports call the plaintiff in the great YELVERTON case the Pursuer. When the history of that affair is called to mind, that expression will perhaps be seen to be not inapplicable to the party. Is its application a stroke of Wit?

Viewing, therefore, Crinoline as being in some sort an impediment to marriage, my dear Madam, pray exert your matronly acquaintances to lose no time in getting up an anti-Crinoline Society, which every British mother should be desired to join. Some people think that ladies will never leave off Crinoline until they are ordered by their dressmaker to do so. But if mothers had the courage just for once to act in defiance of their milliners, I think that marriageable daughters might be found in more request.

I remain, my dear Madam, the ladies' best companion and adviser,

PUNCH.

"DON'T BOTHER ME."

THERE is a capital story going round the papers touching what is called the restoration of the power of speech to an aged person, called MARY DEAN, at a place called Oreston. The old lady had been dumb for fifty or sixty years, but on her being at length moved to wrath by being told to go on an errand, indignation brought back her faculty of utterance, and she exclaimed "Don't bother me!" It is refreshing to hear of a person having been silent for half a century or more, and then breaking silence to request that she might not be "bothered." Mr. Punch has an idea that the statues of a good many deceased celebrities, whose silence has been genuine, but to whose supposed beliefs, opinions, prophecies, and sentiments, reference is perseveringly made by their descendants, would if "stones were known to speak," open their mouths to much the same effect as MARY DEAN, in answer to the majority of appeals now made to them. Possibly MR. PITTS and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, after hearing Conservative orations, MR. FOX and MR. GRATTAN, in reply to Liberal invocations, and certainly GEORGE WASHINGTON, when buncombe spouters to an acre of mob are clamouring to his shade, would be inclined, "from information received," to say "Don't bother me." This is the only moral Mr. Punch has been able to distil from an anecdote upon which about eleven thousand correspondents have desired his opinion, and he begs in conclusion to repeat the words of MARY DEAN.

ST. BUTTON STYLITES.



mean, and I do not care. Those who have been upon the adjacent Nile and have suffered the remarkable inconvenience to which the French have given the name of Buttons of the Nile, may think that the epigraph has some connection with those interesting rumours, but that is not to the purpose. I wrote my name upon the Pillar as an Englishman has a

SIR.—I won't stand this. BUTTON by name and Button by nature, I declare that I won't. Dash my namesakes if I do!

"You, Sir, and every one else who has seen what is called Pompey's Pillar (though it might as well have been called Cesar's Column, or Otho's Obelisk, for it was the central ornament and is the last remnant of the Temple of Serapis), must have been struck with the noble way in which I, your humble servant, inscribed my name upon the article. Years and years, Sir, the name of BUTTON has looked down (like the hundred centuries, or sentinels, which Bonaparte stated to be looking down from the top of the Pyramids), and being out of the reach of indigent travellers, there it would have looked down for ages, but for French impertinence. I do not know what the world supposed W. BUTTON to

right to do wherever he goes, and I protest against its being taken down.

"But who is going to take it down? says you. Why, Sir, you may read in the scientific journals that the Pillar is going to be cleansed, put into thorough repair, some vitreous substance injected into the holes, and then, Sir—then the French, who have undertaken the work, and I wish they would mind their own business in Egypt and other places (I name no names, but Rome is in Italy) are going to inscribe on the column:—

"In Memory of the French who fell at the Battle of Alexandria."

"Well, Sir, if they would be good enough to add—

"Where they were soundly licked by the English under Abercrombie, 1801, and licked again by the same islanders under Fraser, 1807."

I would not so much care. But do you think they will put anything of the kind? Not they, and therefore I beg to protest against any such inscription being stuck on Pompey's Pillar instead of the now world-famous name of

"Yours very truly,

"WILLIAM BUTTON."

Q. E. D.

THAT the famous Reindeer bet

Was a "bubble" is clearly shown;
For what but a bubble could be
In so many newspapers blown?

SOME ODIOUS COMPARISONS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR JUST OFF HIS HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

CHAPTER THIRD.

WHEN I gave a title to these articles I proclaimed their comparisons to the world as "odious." It seems by the following letter that they have been found so.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Manchester, Nov. 7, 1862.

"A great many of your articles are very good and most amusing, but the two you published in this and last week's numbers, on railway travelling, hotels, &c., on the Continent, are *such perfect nonsense*, that you should really be deeply ashamed of making a fool of yourself in printing them in your journal. You criticised in a biting style Mr. ABSOLANT's articles, and rightly, for they deserved it well, but allow me to tell you that your Englishman's observations are *such stuff*, that anybody who knows a little of these matters and who has less prejudices will at once see that these observations are as stupid, or even much more stupid, than any of MR. ABSOLANT'S or ASSOMANT'S, as you please to call him. Confer the latter title to your rambler, you would but serve him well, and by this express the opinion of

"ANYBODY WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD."

Is this crushing blow administered by a Manchester-German, who is outraged by my strictures on foreign railways, or by a Manchester inn-keeper, who revolts at my attack upon English hotels?

In either case I console myself by the thought that my arrow must have gone home, or it would not rankle. I bow meekly to the imputation of stupidity. I don't profess to be brilliant. I only attempt to tell some truths, as they seem to me, in matters much affecting the comforts of all who travel.

If there be people—not German—who consider foreign railways—especially German railways—pleasant and well-managed, or English hotels comfortable and well-ordered, I can only say that their experiences have been fortunate, or that their tastes are peculiar. Of course, if my critic be a German, his wrath is intelligible. He doesn't see the hardship of being bullied by a man in uniform; and considers it the normal condition of railway travellers to be crammed ten in a carriage and to go sixteen miles an hour.

But after all, be my Manchester friend British or Deutsch, there is nothing like conflict of opinions. Smart collisions knock the dust of prejudice out of ideas, and by much attrition the fire of truth is likeliest to be lighted. With this good-humoured comment on my angry commentator, let me continue, *pace Maccusii*, my "stuff and nonsense."

The truth is, I fancy, that English hotels may be expected to improve as soon as JOHN BULL begins to travel in England, i.e., to journey for his pleasure and otherwise than by railway. Even now there are a few British caravanserais which can stand comparison with foreign ones, for comfort and cost. These are all in the few and favoured parts of these

islands which JOHN BULL visits for enjoyment as he visits foreign parts. You will find such oases in the Lake Country, North Wales, the Highlands. Here are still hotels to which the Englishman may take a foreigner without blushing—places in which a smack of country homeliness and heartiness leavens the hungeriness and hard measure of hotel-keeping—where a trace of the farm-house, or way-side public still corrects the hollow pretentiousness of the bran-new and many-windowed barrack, that tells of excursion-trains and sudden influx of the cheap holiday-keeping masses. In such places we may still see grey roofs, a lawn with flower-clumps and well-kept turf, and climbing roses about the windows. Here is to be found something like the comfort of an English fireside even in a coffee-room; some relish of honesty and fair dealing in the things given you to eat and drink—wholesome bread and unladen butter, well-fed well-killed well-dressed roast and boiled, barn-door fowls, barley-fed bacon, genuine tea, real cream and sound beer, clean linen and tolerable attendance, and all at a cost not altogether beyond the stretch of modest purses.

Of course, in such places, the intelligent traveller will bound his expectations and demands by the ways and means of the establishment. He will not ask for *entrée*, or cheap table-wine, or for a well-ordered dinner in any artistic sense of the word. He must take a rustic banquet, but how good are such, when they are good of their kind! In these lies the real strength of our country if she did but know it. Abroad in the humblest establishment, you find the man-cook installed, and an artistic conception of dinner, as consisting of the established elements—soup, *entrée*, fish, roast, vegetables, and dessert, in their local permutations and combinations. The dinner may be detestable and dirty, but it is regularly composed. The mischief is when the same sort of thing is attempted at home, without any true sense of its requirements, any aptitude, or needful appliances for it. And this mockery is growing in London, as one may see from the advertisements of such would-be French dinners, ushered in with a definite article, and setting out a bill of fare in which hoiled leg of mutton and turnips figures as "*la rigot à l'œuf, aux navets*"; cod and oyster-sauce are paraded as "*la morue aux huîtres*"; and even boiled potatoes are refused admission except under the disguise of "*les pommes de terre au naturel*."

This sort of thing is as yet abominable masquerading and make-believe—an impudent aping of French dinners, which sits as ill upon the apes as Mossoo's funny little hats upon English heads, and sits worse still on the digestive organs of the deluded diner. Woe to those gulls and greenhorns who put faith in such advertisements, at least if they venture off English ground, in their choice of meats! Somebody has said that "*ici on parle Français*" is the inscription on the gates of the lower regions. "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi n'entrate*" might be written over the door of these London dining establishments which publish French bills of fare. The old English Chop-house is a native institution, like nothing else, and having merits and meats of its own unattainable in foreign countries. We are getting too fine for this; and yet the popular

mind has not in fact advanced beyond it. When we leave this safe solid semi-savage region of plain joints, chops, and steaks, we middle-class English wander in a limbo of culinary shame, and what CARLYLE would call "wind-baggeries and wigguries" of the kitchen; we have lost our hold of the "veracities," and come to grief, as may be expected.

Now in the English lakes, among the Welsh mountains, and in the Highland straths and glens, this spring of foreign ways is, still happily, almost unknown. If the traveller will content himself with the rustic fare of the region—the fish of the lake, the mutton of the hillside, the fowl of the barn-door,—he may eat wholesomely, nay, enjoying, and at moderate cost. But he must eschew made-dishes, and stick to home-brewed. Light cheap and wholesome wine, it is conceived, has not yet made its way to these places. Then the traveller must hardly yet, in any of these places, as far as I know them, expect a rationally furnished bed-room. The faith in the four-poster still lingers in even the best of these houses of entertainment. Indeed, the homelier and honester they are, as a rule, the more old-fashioned their furniture and fittings. The tub, I need hardly say, is just as unfamiliar in these hostelleries as in the remotest regions of Calabria or Auvergne. Tub! Why even the opening of bed-room windows is a practice still frowned upon, and considered unwholesome in such houses. Ten to one, you will find the feather-bed uppermost, and the pillow as much too limp as the bed is too plump and puffy. These, however, are matters on which the missionary labours of intelligent travellers may be expected gradually to diffuse light. There are regions of the Highlands in which the tub has already been preached; and the light iron-bedstead and hard mattress has been successfully implemented, I believe, in more than one Lake hotel.

In these and other matters wherein light is needed, there is, at last, some hope for the country inn. MURRAY has begun to publish a series of Handbooks for England. It was only natural that he should have been long in coming to this. He has produced his invaluable series much in the order of travelling-resorts, beginning with the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy, then going on to less trodden regions, as Spain and Russia and the Scandinavian kingdoms, next reaching farther afield to Syria and Albania, Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. And now, having mapped out the travelling geography of these comparatively frequented routes, he has come to the *terra incognita* of England, in which the English traveller has yet to break ground.

MURRAY may do much to undo the work of the railway. As the latter has ruined the enjoyment and excitement of home-travelling, the former may gradually revive the fashion, and open up to his countrymen districts now as strange to all but the natives of them as Central Africa or the Australian middle country, as rich in glories of natural or cultivated beauty as Italy or Rhineland, as full of buried treasures of architecture and art as Nineveh or the two Sicilies.

But the railway has hitherto been the real blight of home-travelling. Can MURRAY resist the railway? That is a very doubtful question. The evil influences on travelling and its comforts, of the rail, that ruling power of our iron-age, are too serious to be dealt with at the sag-end of an article.

OUR ANCESTRY.

To MR. PUNCH.

"SIR, "I THINK we are at length getting rid of the great difficulty—What is man? for there seems good reason to believe that he is radically and really a fish."

"Read from MR. DARWIN on *The Origin of Species* the following extract, which does not seem to have attracted as yet that attention it deserves—

"I can, indeed, hardly doubt that all vertebrate animals having true lungs have descended by ordinary generation from an ancient prototype, of which we know nothing, furnished with a float-apparatus or swim-bladder."

"This doctrine may, at first view, appear startling to some; but we should be cautious in refusing it our belief. Had MR. DARWIN, in addition to the facts he adduces in support of his views, wielded the philological argument touched upon by DEAN TRENCH, in his *Study of Words*, he might have made his case stronger, and to many more satisfactory. For if we can, from the careful study of a people's language, pretty correctly conclude what they were, or whence they sprang, I think we must admit that MR. DARWIN has the philological argument on his side in this matter. What is more common than to hear an individual characterised as 'a queer fish,' or, addressed, 'Give us your fin?' Then how easy it is, in the case of any two individuals apparently little dissimilar, to make 'fish of one and flesh of another.' Under certain circumstances and conditions of life, an individual is described as getting 'pale about the gills,' or being 'like a fish out of the water,' and that, according to MR. DARWIN'S theory, in a sense more appropriate and profound than may generally be attached to the

expression. To what source then are we to trace such usages of language, if we reject his theory? He must be a dull man indeed who does not perceive that they are strongly in favour of it. And, moreover, when we take these usages in connection with the fact that we had amongst us an actual live talking fish, it appears inconsistent with sound reasoning to doubt that that talking fish was the missing link, in this quarter, found; and that the question as to our ancestry is thus decided.

"You, yourself, Sir, did good service, the other week, to the cause of this scientific investigation in its more advanced stage, by pointing out that the missing link between man and the Gorilla is undeniably found in the Irish Yahoo. And it is to be hoped that, as my after ray of light thus dawns upon us, we shall in due time be able to complete the family register.

"Struggle for Life Place,
Nov. 15th, 1862."

"NATURAL SELECTION."



A REAL NATIVE.

LIMERICK LITERATURE.

It may not seem to most persons very important what an Irishman says about anything. But when what an Irishman supposes to be his thoughts get into print the warning brogue is lost—one would not insult the rattlesnake by mentioning the warning rattle—and a hasty reader may feel annoyed at what he supposes to be an English or Scotch utterance. A newspaper published in Limerick has been sent to Mr. Punch, and this paper actually keeps a correspondent, who has ventured on some comments on one of Mr. Punch's immortal poems. The correspondent calls bad names, which he consistently spells badly, but one would not be hard upon such an animal. The only point to which Mr. Punch would advert is the evidence the correspondent affords of the standard of general and historical information in Papist literature. He quotes Mr. Punch's affectionate description of Queen Omphale, and after the lines

"And of all the kings of the southern land,
Her issue ideal was FERDINAND."

adds,—

"Just so—because FERDINAND was the victim of a vile conspiracy. His noble wife is now, and has been for some time, at Marseilles for the benefit of sea air; but the liars of the English press say she has gone into a nunnery in Germany."

The poor Papist is not even up in the history of his own saints and martyrs. He has never heard of the FERDINAND the petticoat embroidered to whom Mr. Punch referred. The Limerick enlightener thinks that Mr. Punch meant the wretched BOMBALINO. Now, as any history would tell the cultivated gentleman, the FERDINAND who embroidered petticoats for the Virgin was FERDINAND VII. of Spain, and if his noble wife is now at Marseilles, it is very odd, as she was supposed to have been poisoned by her priests in 1806, on account of her enlightened opinions, and at all events was buried in that year. However, no great matter. But if the Limerick editor does not think his elegant correspondent quite good enough for those who read him, Mr. Punch may confer a service by mentioning that another Gorilla has landed, alive, at Liverpool (a place in England) and may be open to an engagement.



PET-LOVE.

Old—what shall we call her? "RUN, ROBERT! RUN! THERE'S THAT DARLING PLAYING WITH A STRANGE CHILD!"

ENGLAND, THE TIGRESS.

(From the *New York Herald*.)

ANOTHER insult to the citizens of this mighty and glorious republic, another outrage from perfidious Albion, as she is well called by noble and gallant France, the home of freedom and civilisation. Our blood would boil over if it were worth while, on perusing the despatches brought by the last mails, but we have concluded to treat the miserable islanders with the contempt they merit. Yet American citizens should comprehend the depth of brutality and cowardice to which England has descended, in her hatred for this great and mighty country, which she has plunged into war through her diabolical machinations, at the accused bidding of her fiendlike aristocracy.

ENGLAND HAS REFUSED TO JOIN FRANCE IN ASKING US TO LEAVE OFF FIGHTING.

Do you hear that, men of America? Do you hear that, heroes of a hundred fights? Do you hear it too, you five acres of freemen who stood to listen to the spirit-stirring eloquence of the Irish warrior who dwells among you. England, appealed to by France to intercede between us and the rebels whom we are going to crush, and in ninety days to annihilate from off the face of the earth, refuses! And well she may refuse, the dastardly, bloodthirsty tigress. When the leopards in her foul shield became lions we know not, nor care by what solemn lie the fools called heralds juggled one beast into the other at the bidding of the knaves called kings, but it was not the lion but the savage yet crouching tiger that should have been the type of England. Yes, the Anglican tigress howls because France desires to spare us any more bloodshed, she howls her cry that we be left alone, and that the utmost amount of woe and misery may be inflicted upon those whom she hates because they love freedom. Had she her base will, we should go on fighting till doomsday. She will make any sacrifice rather than help on a pacification, and as ROBERT CONDENS, the member for Birmingham, recently told a vile mob at Rochford in Essex, the aristocracy are feeding the starving operatives

with venison and turtle rather than their sufferings should bring the war to an end. We know the tigress, and when the time shall serve, we may add a few new stripes to those upon her all-fired back. Meantime, we have to put down her emissaries the rebels, whom she pays with the gold wrung from the wretched Irish and Indians.

But she was right, in another respect, for concluding not to interfere. We wonder for our part that one of nature's noblemen, like LOUIS NAPOLEON, the descendant of CHARLEMAGNE, CHARLES THE TWELFTH, and other real kings (whatever their faults may have been), could have contaminated his hand by offering it to a female of the House of Gulph. However, he can afford to condescend. But it showed a becoming humility in the servile couriers of St. James's, and specially in the feeble toady and sycophant PALMERSTON, not to pretend to share in the mission of the Emperor, but humbly to beg him to take his own course. It was a compliment, indeed, that the greatest sovereign in Europe should ask a miserable Government like that of England to join with him and the godlike ruler of Russia in any work, but PALMERSTON knew his place better than to accept such a compliment. That buffoon associated with LOUIS and ALEXANDER! Fie upon 't, give us a civet cat, and take away the apothecary, as SHAKESPEARE says. No, we are glad that PAM had that virtue of humility, though it is only a footman's virtue at the best.

Well is it for England that she spared us the crowning outrage of joining in this petition that we should not utterly crush the rebels. Well for her Indian fleet in the Pool, well for her proud docks at Manchester, for her steel manufactures in the Clyde, for the thousand furnaces that nightly illuminate Salisbury Plain. We are no boasters, and perhaps it is the fault of Americans that their exquisite sense of humour and their quiet gentlemanly habits prevent their giving due utterance to the praises deserved by themselves, or to the menaces which should curb the pride of other nations. But for once we will speak out, and in the name of America say that had the despicable old beast and tigress, England, dared to thrust her contaminating hand into this fray, her doom had come sooner than her rotten system will otherwise bring it. We have a score of armies in the field, and any one of them would have marched from Gravesend to Glasgow, or from Land's End to



ONE HEAD BETTER THAN TWO.

LOUIS NAPOLEON. "I SAY, HADN'T WE BETTER TELL OUR FRIEND THERE TO LEAVE OFF MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF?"

LORD PAN. "H'M, WELL, SUPPOSE YOU TALK TO HIM YOURSELF. HE'S A GREAT ADMIRER OF YOURS, YOU KNOW."

THE VINTAGE OF THE EARTH

A HISTORY OF THE EARTH, CHIEFLY IN THE MANNER OF

JOHN RICHARDSON, LLD. & J. C. DODD, LTD.

Lowestoft, more easily than it defeats the rebels, who, misguided as they are, have something American in them. Yes, it was well for the bloated old gaunt haggard tigress that she sneaked and skulked away from the Emperor's call.

But we will never forgive her, never. This last atrocity, this endeavour to prolong the war which she initiated by means of her aristocracy, and which she is feeding with her accursed gold, this wrong shall be written in letters of blood and fire upon the banners of the Union, and when that writing is wiped out, the rotten old wretched England shall be wiped out too. But let us first and finally exterminate the rebellion, and then the Eagle with one wild waving of her immortal wings, with one astounding cry from her resistless beak, will have leisure for a stoop upon the Tigress, England. We calculate that tigerakin will be at a discount that afternoon.

ACROBATIC APES WANTED.



WHAT a good thing it would be if Ourang-outangs and Gorillas and the monkey-tribe in general could be civilised so far as to be trained to turn a somersault and dance upon the tight-rope and swing with the trapeze, and perform the other marvels of activity and strength which human acrobats so often break their legs or necks in trying! Here is one of the last accidents occurring through this cause, and the case deserves the notice of the charitable public:—

THE FEMALE BLOOMER.—On Friday last the heroine of the Crystal Palace in 1860, and of the bandit of the Thames on a tight rope 2,000 feet in length in August, 1861, was removed on crutches from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a cripple for the rest of her life, from the continual fracturing of the neck of the thigh-bone, more than two months ago, at Highbury Barn, while trying the morbid and romantic doings of the present age for perilous adventures. The fractured limb is three inches shorter than the other, and perfectly useless. The heroine, with a courage truly characteristic, wished the surgeon to amputate the limb, if it could not be rendered serviceable, rather, as she observed, than have it dangling uselessly by the side of the other, and requiring support which she might find very difficult to obtain for the maintenance of the second one. What renders the case of this unfortunate artist the more distressing is, she was the only support of an aged and infirm father and an invalid sister.—*Express.*

We trust that this last statement in the paragraph we quote will not long escape the eyes of the benevolent. It is a bad enough misfortune, we think, to break one's leg, and limp about a cripple the remainder of one's life. But the misery is worse when one's family is injured by it, and when not oneself alone, but others who are dear to one, are left without support. How far this thought may influence the persons who admired and went to see the "female Bloomer," we cannot undertake to volunteer a guess; but it is quite clear to our mind that they should be the first now to contribute to her maintenance, and in some measure relieve her from the misery she must feel. All who went to look at her encouraged by their presence her dangerous performance, and were in some degree the causes of the breaking of her leg. If they had stayed away and had not patronised the sight, the poor woman would have taken to another means of livelihood, and would not have been tempted to try the feats which crippled her.

The taste for seeing fellow creatures put their lives and limbs in danger we cannot call "romantic," but view rather as disgusting. Persons who enjoy the sight of such "adventures" would most likely love to see the bloodshed of a bull-fight. It is not so much the skill of the performer that attracts them, as the peril he is placed in and the chance of seeing his neck broken. If monkeys could be trained to do the tight-rope and trapeze business, they would soon eclipse the feats of LEOTARD and BONNIN. Monkeys are by nature better fit for such achievements; for they have more muscle than man, and having fewer brains, have not such fear of falling. Surely, we repeat, it were a good thing for humanity if acrobatic monkeys could be trained up and exhibited. The lives of human beings then need not be endangered, and the public might be weaned from its present brutal taste for seeing men and women imperil their existence by attempting feats which monkeys could achieve with perfect safety, and far more ease and skill.

PROFESSOR.—Greece must free herself by her last revolution. Do we not see her already getting rid of her bonds?

SOMETHING LIKE A NUISANCE.

"Sir, "Who I am is not your business, but I will tell you what your business is. Sir, it is to tell me how much per annum, in these days, when although certainly trifles are one franc seventy-five centimes a pound, the Income-Tax is—you know what, a man is expected to pay for not getting his boots mended.

"That in common with yourself and all other decent housekeepers, I pay a tax-gatherer a vast sum for a Highway and Cleaning Rate, which seems to be always coming in, and to be charged in some mysterious way which makes seven quarters in every year, I need not say. If I didn't, I should be sold up.

"London being therefore supposed to be cleaned properly, I have further to state that my place of business is about two miles from my genteled residence, N.W. That in walking from the latter to the former, as my intelligent medical man (with objectionable allusions to my pugnacity) desires me to do daily, I have to cross a good many streets. At every crossing I am beset with a demand for a toll. The demand is urged in every variety of language and tone, from the respectful 'Sweeper, Sir,' to the clamorous and whining 'O, your honour, do spare a penny for the poor sweep this morning, your honour; do your honour, nice clean crossing, and I have had nothing to eat for three weeks.'

"Taking the shortest route, Sir, I go over thirty crossings. If I pay the toll of a penny at each, this is half-a-crown a day, or fifteen shillings a week, in addition to the tax which I pay in my own—well, passage. I was going to say half, but as I never can pass my own housemaid in it, but have to wait on the threshold till she has taken her crinoline out of the way, I will use the less pretentious word.

"There are two reasons, Sir, why these thirty demands of toll are obnoxious to me.

"First, Sir, although I am not going to tell you what I am, I may be one of several things. I ponder over my daily work as I walk to it, and the interruptions suddenly thrown in my way are most outrageous.

"I may be a Lawyer, and may just have worked out a lovely proof of the innocence of somebody whom I know to be guilty. I have just, shall I say, concocted a sweet tea for the intelligent juryman. And now, gentlemen, in the interests of society, and in obedience to the purer and higher instincts of our improved nature, let me adjure you to cast aside all entangling prejudices, and to make a clean sweep of it."

"Spare me a half-penny, Sir, please do, Sir, that's a kind gentleman."

"Or, Sir, I may be a popular Novelist, and I may be plotting out a deeply touching chapter, designed to lift the interest which has been flagging a little in consequence of my having been uncertain how to go on, and having filled up with a smart dialogue on things in general. At this instant the hideous form of the Dalmatian came in sight. The eyes, lurid with infernal fire, suddenly flashed upon her, and the snake-like fingers writhed in fiendish eagerness for a draught taken upon the mandarin's alabaster throat. With a piteous shriek from both, shuddering, exclaimed,

"Give the poor sweep a penny this cold morning to get something to thaw him, your honour."

"Or, Sir, I may be a Clergyman who has just taken a choral, and is particularly anxious to make a hit, as the rent is rather high, and I am meditating a brilliant discourse in the fast young men of my congregation. How, my dear deacons, has the sweet Professor of Palestine indicated to a young man that he should choose?"

"Remember the sweep, your honour: it's a long crossing and sweep very nice."

"Or, Sir, I may be a Gentleman who has been invited to a Moral Science meeting, and having got some looking up to what social science means, and having discovered the fact that the most prudent thing a speaker can do is to pay compliments to a previous orator, in order that a subsequent speaker may compliment you, I have closed out and am awaiting an elegant audience. I may be permitted, ladies and gentlemen, to express my feeling, in which I am sure you will concur, that we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to Professor Volney, who, in language worthy of the great statesman, philosopher, and orator in your chair, yes, ladies and gentlemen, to impress which London—

"Something for the Bronx, your honour. Please to listen to something on the Bronx."

"There, Mr. Puff-A, that is the first part of my case. I do claim to have my work, whatever it may be, finished. By the by, whereabouts of that hind."

"Finally, Sir, having paid my Cleaning rate, I ought to be allowed to pay it over again at the rate of fifteen shillings a week, and I contend that the authorities ought to except one shilling for me, as no charge is being made what they don't do."

"Now, Sir, what have you got to say to that?"

"Report's Part."

"Taxes steadily."

"Necessities of Life."

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL'S CLOCK.

AMONG the magnificent presents which the POPE made to the PRINCESS PIA, his godchild, now the young QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, is, says the report,—

"A timepiece of exquisite workmanship, the hours of which are each represented by a relic."

Mr. Punch was so fascinated by this conception, that he immediately wrote off to his friend CARDINAL WISEMAN to know whether the statement were true. His Eminence has in the most obliging manner furnished the following diagram, which, though it does not represent the elegant workmanship of the Relic-Clock," shows the far more precious gems which give it true value in the eyes of the faithful.



EXPLANATIONS.

Hour Hand.—Tongue Scraper of St. Harris.
Minute Hand.—Toothpick of St. Walkerius.

- I. Glass eye of St. Hilarion.
- II. Crystallised bandoline of St. Bathilde.
- III. Hair from the wig of St. Ildefonse.
- IV. Eyelash of St. Panerace.
- V. Piece of trousers of St. Pantaleon.
- VI. Little toe-nail of St. Euphrasia.
- VII. Gold tooth-stopping of St. Onisephorus.
- VIII. Finger-stall of St. Opportune.
- IX. Bit of spectacles of St. Fiacre.
- X. Little finger-nail of St. Honorine.
- XI. Eye-tooth of St. Theodule.
- XII. Corn plaster of St. Petronille.

* H. E. apologises (unnecessarily, we think) for the rudeness of the design, on the plea that he is an inexperienced draftsman, and has moreover mislaid his compasses.

MORE SPORTING NEWS.

(From *Bell's Life*.)

THE truly sportsmanlike way in which the Betting world ventured its money on the Commissioners of the International Exhibition has been vindicated by the result. It was thought that after the Show had closed, and what had always been more or less of a shop had been formally declared to be nothing else, it would be almost impossible for the Genius of Blunder (on a visit to England by the kind permission of Hibernia) to help his pet *protégé* to any new mistake. But sportsmen were bold, and betted, and fortune favoured them. They wagered that the Commissioners would once more put their foot in it. They did so. The shop was opened for a class of customers who can or will only come forth to buy late in the afternoon, say from two to five o'clock. So, the Commissioners seized on the brilliantly novel device of slamming the

door in the faces of such customers at three o'clock! We rejoice that the courage of the Betting world has thus been rewarded, and that they have made the pot of money which the Commissioners would not allow the Exhibitors to make. *Audaces fortuna juvat.*

NOVEL NOMENCLATURE.

THE literary world is at its last gasp for titles to bestow upon the thousand-and-one works of fact and fiction wherewithal it annually chokes off the reading appetite of the British public. In years past our ancestors were content to label their productions with a few simple words expressive in plain language of their scope or design, but *sous avans changé tout cela*; such primitive notions would be entirely discreditable to the inventive genius of the nineteenth century. Something "sensational" must be hit off now-a-days, *coute qui coute*; something that sounds striking—startling; suggestive of excitements, soul harrowings—unnatural homicides—or at least hinting at six out of the seven deadly sins being to be found within its covers: but before all things it must be *new*. These mines of inspiration, however (rather above delicately sketched out, than described), are becoming decidedly exhausted. Romantic, spasmodic, alliterative, have all been pretty nearly worked to death; and the eccentricity of literary patronymics may be considered to have reached its climax in the recent work of a popular novelist which its author has actually christened by *No Name at all!* After that, well may poets exclaim "What's in a name?"

These nomenclatural distresses are principally due to the pedantic idea, still lingering amongst a few of our writers and publishers, that some slight link of sympathy must exist—or be presumed to exist—between the subject of a book and its title. Such antiquated notions should henceforth be dismissed as unworthy of an enlightened age; and *Punch* suggests whether a new style might not in future be adopted, designatable as the "funny-factious" style, the component parts or epithets of which should be selected rather with regard to their intrinsic appositeness and appropriateness, and to the general fitness of things, than to any connection, real or imaginary, with the matter or authorship of the volume,—unless, indeed, in cases where the latter can be made to subserve to the common symmetry of the structure. Thus works of general interest, might perhaps be distinguished by a sort of philosophical haziness, or universal unmeaningness in their superscriptions: novels by smart flashy witticisms, and so forth. In fact, the art wants a little new life putting into it, and as it is *Punch's* mission to enliven everybody, he throws out a few suggestions, *par exemple*, to be scrambled for amongst the crowd of literary celebrities who are ever ready to pounce upon his lightest word.

Works of General Interest:—

- "PROFESSOR GORILLA, On the Jaw Bone of an Ass."
- "The Emperor of China's back teeth—or any other man. By Stump Orator."
- "Going! Going! Going!—CUMMING."
- "Confederate Destinies, or why Cotton can never be Worsted. By the same Author."
- "TENNENT on the Law of Irish Landlords: a Fugitive piece."
- "British Fleas.—Norfolk Howard."

Travels, &c.:—

- "Dry Platitudes."
- "A visit to Cadwaller's Skull: in 3 parts.—HEAD."
- "PYNN amongst the Periwinkles."
- "Scenes from Soda-water.—PHIZ!"

Novels:—

- "Whites and Blacks: Coming out in Numbers."
- "Prometheus. (Half-bound)."
- "Take her.—By LEVER."
- "The water! The water! Hydrophobia."
- "CHAILLU? Or shall you not?—An African Romance."
- "The 39 Articles; or the Unprotected at the Railway Station. A Story of the Great Plague."

Miscellaneous:—

- "Eggs upon Bacon (Fryer)."
- "Song of a Skirt; composed expressly for CRINOLINA."
- "The Cure, as sung by DU BARRY, HOLLO-AWAY & Company."
- "Legges on Deportment: Illustrated by CRICKSHANK."
- "Pike-fishing; by JACK-KETCH."
- "Bwother Tham, by LA. DUNDREARY: or Northern and SOTHERN."

(The right of Translation is reserved.)

Turf and Thimblerig.

It does not appear to have occurred to any of the disputants in the late controversy about orthography and gambling, that whilst Reindeer is the name of an animal, Roindeer appears to be that of "a plant."

THE MEMBER FOR SOUTHAMPTON WATER.



view to MR. THOMPSON coming out as a candidate in that interest."

We should think that MR. THOMPSON would stand a very good chance of being returned for Southampton in the interest of the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the Liquor Traffic. Only, in order to obtain the honour of being associated with MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, it would be advisable for him to advertise copiously the principle on which he aspires to represent such constituents as those to whom he has offered his services. He should post up plenty of placards, and send men about carrying lots of banners, having inscribed upon them the popular party-cries of "No Beer!" "No more Wine!" "Down with Grog!" which last exclamation would be echoed with enthusiasm. It would be expedient for him to chalk about the walls "Destruction to the Publicans;" a body of men exercising small influence in Southampton. This kind of inscriptions might be accompanied with "Thompson and Toast-and-Water," "THOMPSON and Tea," and other similar combinations. At the dinner on the opening of the Hartley Institution the other day, MR. GEORGE THOMPSON would have been in his element, namely, the water of which the assembled guests partook so freely in preference to the intoxicating fluids of the highest quality which they were liberally supplied with. MR. THOMPSON might count on being warmly supported by the established parsons, who dislike port, and also by all of the dissenting clergy, who are at least equally remarkable for the same aversion.

ORTHOGRAPHY IN THE ARMY.

THE subjoined account, in a letter from the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH to ADMIRAL ROUS, of the origin of the Reindeer bet, about which so much fuss has been made even in society external to that of gambling circles, is worth preserving. It was obtained by LORD PORTSMOUTH, his Lordship informs the Admiral, from "those who were in the omnibus going from Mamhead to the race-course":—

"COLONEL BURNAY and MR. STEWART started the subject of the difficulties of spelling, and then COLONEL BURNAY said he was a very bad speller, and always took a JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY about with him to assist him in writing his letters. Then they started the spelling of the word Raindeer, MR. STEWART thinking it was spelt with an e. COLONEL BURNAY bet that it was with an a, referable to JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY."

The book which the gallant officer above-named may be presumed to be in the habit of composing is one chiefly of an arithmetical nature, and involving little scope for the exercise of orthography, so that its perusal would not be very likely to yield very much amusement such as is occasionally derived from the published correspondence of servant girls. Any letter, however, which that gallant officer might be obliged to write somewhere when he had happened to leave his *Johnson* behind him, would be not unlikely to contain numerous words which might afford the fortunate receiver considerable diversion of that nature. If the proprietor of Reindeer should ever take part in private theatricals, as officers occasionally do, the piece selected for him to appear in might be the *Fish out of Water*, in which he would doubtless be very successful in playing the *Cook*, who produces a highly comic situation by his reference to JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY. "It isn't the orthography, but it's that dashed spelling!" is an exclamation which the Colonel would doubtless deliver naturally and with feeling.

The circumstance that, in a society of presumably high caste, two officers of a crack regiment should have "started the subject of the difficulties of spelling," may be thought little calculated to confirm the general idea that there is a great improvement in the education of gentlemen in the Army. The time was thought to have gone by when, if the naval service had peculiar occasion to complain:

"How hard it is to write,"

the military with equal cause, though for a different reason, might utter the lamentation:—

"How hard it is to spell."

But now that "the subject of the difficulties of spelling" is found to have engaged the conversation of officers and gentlemen, one of whom acknowledges himself to be obliged to take "a JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY about with him to assist him in writing his letters," it will perhaps be suspected that Captains and Colonels, in their knowledge of letters, and especially of those which are necessary to be employed in forming words, are nearly where they were in the days of SWIFT. This would be too hasty an inference. It is not as officers that certain guardians and their compatriots find themselves perplexed with "the difficulties of spelling." The same difficulties are likely to be experienced by the majority of those gentrified and those blackguards who devote their lives to laying wagers. Orthographical difficulties probably beset alike the officers at the top of the class, betting men, and the cads at the bottom. Spelling is learned by reading, and only a very moderate proficiency in it is likely to be attained by any men whose acquaintance with books is equally confined to those books in which they enter their good things, which are no jokes, especially to those at whose expense they are continued.

PUNCH'S PRISON DISCIPLINE.

CONFINEMENT and low diet are the punishment of paupers in the workhouse. The workhouse system is said to work well in the prevention, to some extent, of pauperism. What if paupers and convicts were made to change places? It is probable that pauperism would increase enormously, and that crime would greatly diminish.

The treatment of criminals in gaols appears to be based on the humane theory that crime is the result of moral disease. The heads of the patients, or prisoners, are closely cropped, they are kept upon a whole-some and nutritious, though not stimulating, diet, and made to perform an amount of labour not exceeding the bounds of healthy exercise.

All this would be very well, provided that it answered; that the effect of prison-discipline was in general the cure of criminals, and the prevention of crime. In that case the benevolent system of treating offenders might be carried further; the convalescent might be allowed light and savoury soups, broths, jellies, and made-dishes, with wine and beer in moderation. They might be encouraged to amuse themselves with music and dancing, to get up private theatricals, and practise sundry other elegant and innocent recreations. The only limit to improvement in this direction would be that of the expense which it might necessitate.

But the regimen to which convicts are now subjected, unfortunately does by no means operate in curing thieves of robbery and felony, thereby deterring their associates from following their example. Is it, then, advisable to punish them with the same severity as that which paupers are punished with? If they are to be reduced to workhouse-diet, their exercise must be discontinued, lest it should kill them. The cheaper and more merciful plan would be to hang them at once.

The present keep of convicts is so dear that the Government, for economy's sake, lets them out of gaol long before their sentences have expired. As soon as they have been turned loose with tickets of leave, they go about the streets knocking passengers down, gatotting them, and rifling their pockets.

How to avoid the expense of keeping a felon comfortably, correct the offender himself, and constitute him a caution to other villains? That is the question. There seems at present to be only one answer to it. Imprison him on pauper's allowance, and whip him. Tie him up and flog him, as you flog a bad soldier. If it is right to flog a soldier it cannot be wrong to flog a ruffian. Does flogging in the Army answer its purpose? Is the power of inflicting it necessary to be retained at least in the form of an enemy? If the fear of flogging will control soldiers, it will restrain civilian scoundrels. The lash is not too bad for the back of the miscreant who cracks your skull. Robberies accompanied with violence, and all brutal assaults, at any rate, might deservedly be rendered punishable by whipping. That chastisement the convicted savage might undergo upon a public scaffold, or it might be inflicted on him in the prison-yard; and tickets of leave for admission to see it might be distributed by the police amongst the frequenters of thieves' lodging-houses and taverns. The spectacle of one sound flogging administered to a garotte-robber, would prevent many a ferocious outrage and cruel murder. Benevolence might accept the execution as an economy of pain. It would not, probably, have to be repeated very soon.



TWELVE MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Bobby ought to love his Pet for taking such care of his beautiful Whiskers."



TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear Bobby, you must let me pull it off your Nose; it looks so ugly."

FAMINE, FEVER, AND FROST.

Who will open England's purses,
Till their golden stream
Flows where smokeless chimneys shadow
Engines lacking steam,
Where from million eyes is glaring
Hunger's wolfish gleam?

Who unto a head will gather
All these motions blind,
Stirring toward helpful action
England's heart and mind,
Bind them by united purpose,
Give them course defined?

"I," said Famine, and she set her
Sternly to the test;
Sucked the strong man's life-blood from him,
Drained the mother's breast:
Stripped the room and cleared the cupboard—
"There—I've done my best!"

Still the purses would not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow:
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts,
Wavered to and fro;
Famine, with her forces baffled,
Must the task forego.

"I," said Fever, and she mustered
Grimly all her train,
Fiery tortures spreading madness
Through the blood and brain;
"Famine was a faintheart.—Fever
Will the victory gain!"

Still the purses would not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow:
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts,
Wavered to and fro;
Fever, with her forces baffled,
Must the task forego.

"I," said Frost, and ere their season
For the work arrayed,
Chills that nip man's life and nature's
In the blood and blade.
"Famine, Fever, may be baffled,
Frost was ne'er gain-said."

Still the purses did not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow:
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts,
Wavered to and fro:
And now Famine, Frost, and Fever,
Rivalry forego.

Working hand in hand, if haply
They may open wide
England's purse, and send her riches
In a golden tide
O'er the wastes where toil sits pining
At a cold hearth's side.

REVISION OF VERDICTS.

A WOMAN condemned to be hanged for murder, contrives to get a respite by accusing an innocent old man of having committed the crime. Therefore her sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life. But is this justice? Ay, marry, is it; Home-Secretary's justice. There ought to be a Court of Criminal Appeal (for culprits only) as many persons have said, besides *Punch*. Mr. *Punch* only adds the suggestion that the appellant to such a Court ought to be subjected to judicial examination. The old English course of criminal procedure would thus be combined with all that is advantageous, and nothing that is objectionable, in the French; the accused would get all the law that is now given them, and justice into the bargain.

APROPOS OF TURF SCANDALS.—New name for the Aristocracy—Our betters.